

NEWS

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Look: No Cloak!

Here's just one of the things the hush-hush Central Intelligence Agency was up to the day some hopeful men lost their lives on a beach in Castro's Cuba.

CIA operatives rounded up all refugee leaders of the Cuban Revolutionary council that morning, spirited them off to Florida, hid them in a house near Miami, under armed guard, and refused to let them communicate with anyone on the outside.

They couldn't direct the landings.

They couldn't alert the Cuban Underground.

They could just sit all day and seethe, listening to communiques put out in their name, until several of the exiles announced they were leaving anyway — even at the risk of getting shot.

Those who "escaped" reached a telephone, called Washington in a rage, and presidential advisers Adolf Berle, Jr., and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., flew down in the stealth of night to becalm the Latins and hear their complaints.

This is intelligence? Or a Mack Sennett rewrite of a Rod Sterling thriller? Even if it made sense, is it the sort of security hugger-mugger the Land of the Free ought to let out into the light of day?

All power to the President if he can get a belated grip on the sleuth and snoop boys. Meantime, a little cloak and less dagger. Please!